A GLIMPSE HERE AND THERE OF THE BOOKS OF THE DAY

"Peggy O'Neal," by Alfred Henry Lewis, Deals in Romance and History and Presents Some Dramatic Situations, Which Will Show up Well on the Stage.

NEW BOOKBY HOWELLS

"Questionable Shopes" One of the Authors Best Stories. William Henry Carson's "Tito" is a Highly Colored Romance With Scenes Alternating Between Florence and New York. "Fort Birkett" is a New Book by "Chimmie Fadden."

PEGGY O'NEAL. Written by Alfred Henry Lewis. Published by Drexel Biddle, of Philadelphia. For sale in Richmond by the Bell Book and Sta-

Biddle, of Philadelphia. For sale in Richmond by the Beil Book and Stationery Company.

Peggy O'Neal is a most fascinating character, whose story makes a promisent feature in connection with the administration of Andrew Jackson and the White House in Washington.

From the days in which Lady Washington stood serene and dignified, a stately figure, beside the General in the first Presidential receptions, the women whose individuality has stamped itself upon administration annals have had unusual prominence in the minds of the American people. Renowned among them for great beauty, wit and grace is Peggy O'Neal.

It is true that the book which bears her name has for its hero one of the most indomitable spirits which the American nation ever called to the office of the Chief Executive, and every incident connected with his career and his dealings with the nullification episode in fiction demands and obtains the intensest infection demands and obtains the intensest infection in the property of state matters and the Jacksonian method of dealing with a crisis is uppermost.

A chapter in Mr. Lewis' novel containing the description of a banquet given at the Indian Queen hostelly in Washington to honor Jefferson's birthday, is one of the most dramatic in the book, though it must be confessed that here are many such scattered throughout its telling. The word picture of the author relating to the hanquet begins and continues thus:

"The hall was hung with flags. The littled States flag—the Stars and Stripes

tinues thus:
"The hall was hung with flags. The linited States flag—the Stars and Stripes—was draped about a portrait of Jefferson, just to the rear of the place where Lee, of Virginia, was to preside. Extending around the four sides of the room were fectooned the flags of the several States. "With peculiar ostentation and next to the national colors flowed the banner of South Carolina," with its palmetto and cettleswate—Calhour's emblem.

Do you see it? said the General, in a tone, as we approached our places; you see Calhoun's flag? That serpent rattle, but it must not strike.'
And if it strike?'
If it strike, it dies!'
I it our places, the sentiment was osed:

toast was drunk in silence; all gree on Jefferson. Afterwards the f the night commenced. The Gen-t on the right hand of the presidsat on the right hand of the pressa-Lee. I was myself to the General's t. Opposite was Calhoun, with Ber-Branch and Ingham, of the Cabint. In hour passed on; the banquet thed the glass-and-bottle stage. It was growing late. Be Dvidently the urgent

moment was at finna.

Calhoun offered a slip of paper to Lee
presiding, and whispered a word.

"The Vice-President proposes a toast,"

"There fell a stillness, laughter died and talk was hushed. The chairman

The Federal Union. Next to our lib "The Federal Union. Next to our in-erty, the most dear. May we all remem-ber that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the States, and distributing equally the benefits and the burdens of the Union.

of death continued. rked and profound. There were eves replete of interrogation, and if one must

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose. Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it, the better; it is not a frug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the tomach and intestines, and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after moking, drinking or afte, eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which

the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the polson of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another; but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal and other harmless antisepties in tablet form, or rather in an form of large, pleasant-tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, swester breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in the stomach and bowels, and it clears the complexion and purifies the breath, mouth and throat. I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stu-art's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

have it truly told, defiance, to be peculiarly turned upon the General.

"For his part, the General never wore a lottler look. He scribbled a quick line and gave it to the chairman.

"The President offers a toast. Then solemnly, as one who feels its import.

"The Federal Union. It must be preserved.

"The General's glance was on Calhoun, as pointed as a sword. Pushing back he arose and bowing to the chairman, he began moving towards the door.
"The Federal Union. It must be preserved. The General, as though to call a last attention, repeated his toast. Then, thinking doubtless on Overton and Crockett and Houston and Dale and Coffee and those reflemen in hunting shirts and leggings, and on the ships and Scott and Castle Pinckney, he added—and it shall be preserved."

Castle Pinckney, he added—and it shall be preserved."

So much for the President and politics. That there was another side to his kaleldoscopic character goes without the saying. At this distance of time, and with the grave stone resting for many years above Peggy O'Neal, it is not for the reader to question in captions or skeptical mood.

the flery championship of Jackson placed her and to believe that she was as pure and true as she was beautiful, a creature ruled by impulse and the more lovable because of it.

"Peggy O'Neal," the book, has been finely illustrated for Mr. Lewis by Henry Hutt in colors, Miss Campbell, the daughter of ex-Governor Campbell of Ohlo, being the original of the heautiful pic pire in miniature, which makes the frontsplece. The fact that the novel has been dramatized for a popular actress, and that it will be put upon the stage next season, will doubtless add to its popularity. The style in which it is written is as unusual as it is clever and vigorous.

Only in England.

The Bulwer Centenary has revived the personalities of Lord and Lady Lytton between the personalities of Lord and Lady Lytton he late Earl of Lytton, who as "Owen Meredith," was a famous Englishman of leverting the late Earl of Lytton, who as "Owen Meredith," was a famous Englishman of leverting the late Earl of Lytton, who as "Owen Meredith," was a famous Englishman of leverting the late Earl of Lytton, who as "Owen Meredith," was a famous Englishman of leverting the late Earl of Lytton, who as "Owen Meredith," was a famous Englishman of leverting the late Earl of Lytton, who as "Owen Meredith," was a famous Englishman of leverting the late Earl of Lytton, who as "Owen Meredith," was a famous Englishman of leverting the late Earl of Lytton, who as "Owen Meredith," was a famous Englishman of leverting the late Earl of Lytton, who as "Owen Meredith," was a famous Englishman of leverting the late Earl of Lytton, who as "Owen Meredith," was a famous Englishman of leverting the late Earl of Lytton, who as "Owen Meredith," was a famous Englishman of leverting the late Earl of Lytton, who as "Owen Meredith," was a famous Englishman of leverting the late Earl of Lytton, who as "Owen Meredith," was a famous Englishman of leverting the late Earl of Lytton, who as "Owen Meredith," was a famous Englishman of leverting the late Earl of Lytton, who as "Owen Meredith

William Dean Howells, Published by Harper Brothers, of New York. For sale in Richmond by the Bell Book

and Stationery Company. Price, \$1.50. Mr. Howells, who is without doubt one f the most ingenious of writers in avoid of the most ingenious of which a point or a conclusion, has the distinction, in his volume of ghost stories. inder the above title, of being the author of the first one which he calls Apparition." without doing more Apparition," without doing more than hinting at the apparition. Several times the expectation of the reader is worked

FORT EIRKETT. Written by Edward W. Townsend. Published by W. J. Ritchie, of New York. For sale in Richmond by the Bell Book and Stationery Company. A new book by the author of "Chimmie Fadden" prepares the reader for something quite different from what he finds. Mr. Townsend, instead of giving his story a New York or a Manhattan atmosphere, deals with a mining camp and a tale of acventure in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

ntroduced is skillfully and attractively worked up, and a double thread of ro-nance fares to a happy conclusion. The book makes no great demands, but it is cefy bright and companionable.

Books and Their Makers.

Books and Their Makers.

The worst fate that can befall a book in for it to be received with indifference, Strong books, like strong people, have their advocates and their critics. The fact that they attract sufficient attention to produce discussion as to their purpose, their characterization and localization, removes them at once from the level of commonplace, and endows them with individuality.

Judged by this rule, Dr. Thomas Nelson Page's "Gordon Keth" sbould be individual life.

Judged by this rule, Dr. Thomas Nelson Page's "Gordon Keth" sbould be individual indeed. The Bookman for July contains a very just and discriminating notice of Dr. Page's latest effort, though the writer of the review, who is Herman Knickerbocker Viele, deplores the fact that the Doctor in it has turned his back on "Dixie, dialect and darkles."

After citing the faults which appear in an attempt at "general practice, as copposed to specialty," in fiction, involving in this especial instance an "overcowded tage, cleared through an alarming death rate," Dr. Page's critic observes by way of compensation: "Air. Page's episodes are always entertaining, sometimes exciting, and thrilling more than once. His style is ever finished and agreeable. His sentiment is never mawkish, and his drama, if at times a trifle 'melo,' is always wholesome."

Dr. Page's hero, "Gordon Keith," has

that times a trifle 'melo,' is always' cholesome."

Dr. Page's hero, "Gordon Ketth," has en variously called by Northern and outhern reviewers "a prig" and an impossible sort of a fellow. This is the dookman's estimate of him: 'It is with he career of Ketth, the younger, that the tory deals. And the reader will find tim an attractive fellow—manly, honest, hivairous and hot-blooded, He becomes y turns a civil engineer, a schoolmaster, he driver of a mountain stage coach and a financier, all phases which a strendous young American having his way to make might well pass through, and his diventures, though occasionally irrelevant, gave Mr. Page an opportunity for ome capital descriptive writing."
In summing up his estimate of Dr. Page's book as a whole, Mr. Viele adds; The author has not shirked responsibilities; he has kept his weaving well in and, and leaves not a single strand at cose ends.
"Gordon Ketth's adventures are written."

lcose ends.
"Gordon Keith's adventures are written
in five hundred pages, and these are none

too many. The book, though not a great one, is by no means little. And if "We miss the old plantations, The friends and the relations," we have at least to thank its author for a worth-while story."

It seems appropriate as a finish to note that there is nothing truer under the sun in this year of grace than that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." Opposed to this fact is the conservative estimate of the Bookman—and the Bookman is excellent authority.

The readers of a recent extraordinary work in fiction will perhaps be interested to know that "Pigs in Clover," by "Frank Danby," is the work of a woman, who in private life is known as Mrs. Julia Frankau. Her husband belongs to the wealthy husiness class of London, she is prominent in all artistic circles and is the mistress of a lovely home in Clarges Street, Mayfair. Her literary productions previous to "Pigs in Clover" were entitled "Dr. Philips," legally suppressed because the original of the man supposed to have figured in its pages was a well known London physician; and "A Babe in Bohemia," which was brought out only in England.

The Bulwer Centenary has revived the

Charles Egbert Craddock, Mr. Francis Lynde, F. Hopkinson Smith, Mr. T. Cooper De Leon, Mr. Harris Dickson, Mr. James Branch Cabell.

[By MARY WASHINGTON.]

Miss Ellen Glasgow is a native of Rich mend, Va., and a descendant of a long line of distinguished Virginians. One of forefathers was a colonial president

line of distinguished virginians. One of her forefathers was a colonial president of William and Mary College, and another was Christopher de Graffenried, son of Beron de Graffenried, who came near losing his life in the colony of North Carolina, and who was a resident of Williamsburg.

Amonst Miss Glasgow's ancestors were also some of the noted lawyers of old Virginia, and the credit of her mental gifts is doubtless partly due to them. The talent for putting yourself in some one else's place is the basis of fine acting, fiction or legal pleading, essentially the same, no matter in what varied forms it may manifest itself, and Miss Glasgow shows this talent markedly in fiction, and also the ability to see both sides of a question, which is supposed to be the proper attitude of the judicial mind.

Being a delicate child, Miss Glasgow was not able to spend much time at school, but were to the test defect by having the Being a delicate child, Miss Glasgow was not able to spend much time at school, but made up for this defect by having the run of a good library. She produced her fust novel, "The Descendant," before she was twenty-three, and people were astonished that so young a woman should have produced so good a story; still it was powerful, and gave promise of finer things, a promise which Miss Glasgow

the world. Miss Glasgow created a dra-matic situation by placing the hero in such a community, he being a hardy son of the soil, whose will power and ambi-



MISS ELLEN GLASGOW.

tion carved him out a career leading to political success. Such a clash of aris-tocratic and democratic elements as she leacribes could nowhere be better found than in Williamsburg.

tocratic and democratic elements as ship describes could nowhere be better found than in Williamsburg.

This work was recognized, not only in this country, but in England, it being favorably noticed and received by several London critics.

Miss Glasgow seems to have been going on "from strength to strength," for her latest work, "The Battle Ground, has raised her reputation even to a higher point than its predecessors. "The Outlook" says of it;

"A more charming picture of Virginia social life just before the War has never appeared. It is wholesome, cheerful and forceful.

Commenting upon Bettle, the heroine, the critic of the New York Times, calls her "the most satisfactory heroine whose acquaintance he has lately made in fletion." He goes on to say:

"But even ignoring the love story, one finds The Battle Ground full of interest and illumination. A generous half of its pages portrays society in Virginia during the decade proceding 1891. The author has selected the life of a large plantation as most characteristic, and has rainted with skillful and rapid touch, its simple stateliness, its almost fendal chivalry, its boundless hospitality its grand responsibility not given to introspection, or to problems seed to introspection, or to problems seed to introspection, or to problems the service of planted upon its firm, faith in its servicity to any other accepts on earth, a faith which carrying its corcollary of "hoblesse oblike went far towards its own fulfilling than the pages of "The Battle Ground."

"This vanished social life blooms again on the pages of "The Battle Ground," ith a wonderful glow and fragrance, ith a wonderful glow and fragrance, ith a wonderful glow and fragrance, and the state of the old South, hat South too sure of itself to consecond to explain itself."

I have quoted at length from the New ork Times because the critic shows such true and discriminating insight with he spirit and life of old Virginia. What hrasace could more justly express its haracteristics that "simple stateliness," almost feudal chivalry and "bound-sess hospitality." Again, I must sdmit. amore reason crivairy and bound-less hostitality. Again, I must admit that it is a true bill, what he says about the series self-satisfaction oid Vir-ginia had in believing their society sup-ferior and the series of the series of this same oid Virginia stock by saying they

were not, far wrong in this belief. As a worthy nephew of Bishop Richard Wilmer said "The mischief about Virginians is that they think if they are born Virginians, they need not be born gain."

In the character of Bettle, Miss Glascow has given us a distinctly new type of heroine and a very admirable one. She is the young woman of the new South, full of courage, self-reliance and resource and withal thoroughly womanly. She brings to mind Wardsworth's lines:

"A creature not two bright and good For human nature's daily food Transient sorrow, simple wiles, Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles,"



HATTIE ERMMIE RIVES.

the Dead," by her kinswoman, Amelie Rives. Its torrid nature and vivid and unusual phrasing called forth criticism, even from the pulpit. But in her third and latest work, "Hearts Courageous," Miss Rives seems to have made a distinct advance and to have gained not only the attention but the recognition and appreciation of the public. The scene is laid in Virginia, during the Revolutionary era, and she introduces Washington, Jetferson and other giants of those days, Patrick Henry being her central figure. Her story opens in the Tidewater counties of Virginia and in Williamsburg and she gives us a brilliant picture of the courily, dashin planters, horse racins, fox hunting, dicing and dancing in the old Raleigh Tavern but it was a dance over a volcano and there are glimpses of the sterner purposes that lay beneath the gay exserver of these planters. Her characters play their parts with passionate intensity, and as a critic says of the book. "It contains the warmth and color that seem to be the birthright of the Rivesse."

It has certainly taken its place among the leading books of the hour, attracting widespread attention and commanding large sales.

Amongst the female novelists of the South Miss Fisher, of Maryland, takes rank as a very popular and prollic one. She writes under the nom de plume of Christine Reid. The following is a list of her works.

"A Summer Idyl." "A Daughter of Bo-

The last named, I believe, is the gem of her works.

(Special to line Times-Disputch.) Special to the times-baseatch.)
SALEM, VA., July 4.—Miss Gussle
Bowles and her friend, Miss Sarah Griffin. of Beford City, have gone for a
visit of several weeks to relatives in
Nashville, Tenn,
Miss Bessle Galloway has returned from
visiting friends at points in North Caroline

visiting friends at points in North Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Mauney, of King's Mountain, N. C., are here visiting Mrs. Mauney's mother, Mrs. V. V. Frantz, on East Main Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Allemong will leave in several days for New York city from whence they will sail for Liverpool by the American Line. They will spend the summer making a tour through Continental Europe.

Rev. J. Luther Frantz, formerly of Salem. now pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Washinston, D. C., has been appointed secretary of the Board of A. the recent meeting of the General Synod in Baltimora le was also appointed a member of the General Synod Board for the Home of the Aged.

Hall The Challen ger (By George F. Viett, Norfolk, Va.) Like knight of old with "snow white

orest:
On prancing steed with lance at rest,
He seeks with knightly, courtly ways
The tourney-field of modern days.
And his the joy that warriors know
When first they meet a worthy foe, His steed—a ship that does not lag. His banner—grand old England's nag; His lance—a towering mast in skays, His "ladge love—a silver vase. And thus he comes o'er sea's expanse To 'lift' that "chalice of romance."

The "Ocean Lists" which hold this most Prized gem, lie off Columbia's coast, A "filt yard of the sea" ablaze With glorious deeds of other days. The vase he finds in worthy keeping. And round its shrine no knight is sleeping.

orock! Hail, and Hail!
of the snowy sail;
a knightly fray
two nation's play,
alch forever must be
of the bounding sea, Reliance! Shame White sisters of Trim rivals of a For trophy of tw The trophy which rne trophy ŵ "Blue Ribbon"

L'envoi-And when in retrospection's aisle In after years we rest awhile. We'll see those two-through mem'ry's mists. mists—
Light lances of the Ocean Lists.
We'll hall the rem of memory's store
Their tilt off fair Columbia's shore;
In friendships sunset sea we'll dip
Our stag, to Knight and Emerald Ship,

THE TWO VANREVELS-By BOOTH . TARKINGTON.

A CAT CAN DO MORE THAN LOOK AT A KING.

men sighed when they fell in love; when people danced by candle and lamp, and did dance, too, instead of solemnly gliding about; in that mellow time so long ago, when the young were romantic and summer was roses and wine, old Carewe the convent to wreck the hearts of the

afternoon's drive through the woods and Miss Betty's harp, carefully strapped behind the great lumbering carriage, her guitar on the front seat, half buried under a mound of bouquets and oddly shaped little bundles, farewell gifts of her comrades and the good sisters. In her left hand she clutched a small lace handkerchief, with which she now and then ing from Sister Cecilia, Sister Mary Bazilede, the old stone steps and all the girls; dainty kerchief to brush away the edge Western woodland air and smiled at least within St. Mary's walls and still garden the many-colored world flashed danced in a mystery before her. The mysise it contained men; she was eager

tery was brilliant to the convent giri because it contained men; she was eager to behold it.

They rumbled into town after sunset, in the fair twillight, the dogs barking before them, and every one would have been surprised to know that Tom Vanrevel, instead of Mr. Calley Gray, was the first to see her. By the merest accident Tom was strolling near the Carewe place at the time, and when the carriage swung into the sates, with rattle and clink and clouds of dust at the finish, it was not too woon lost behind the shrubbery and trees for Tom to catch something more than a glimpse of a gray skirt behind a mound of flowers, and of a charming face, with parted lips and dark eyes, beneath the scuttle of an enormous bonnet. It happened—perhaps it is more accurate to say that Tom thought it happened—that she was just clearing away her veil when he turned to look. She blushed suddenly, so much was not to be mistaken, and the eyes that met his were remarkable for other reasons than the sheer loveliness of them, in that, even in the one flash of them, in that, even in the one flash of them he caught, they meant so many things at one time. They were sparkling, yet mournful, and they were wistful, although undenfably lively with the gayest comprehension of the recipiant of their glance, seeming to say: "Oh, it's you, young man, is it?" And they were shy and mysterious with youth, full of that wonder at the world which has the appearance sometimes of wisdom gathered in the unknown out of which we came. But above all, these eyes were fully conscious of Tom Vanrevel.

Without realizing what he did, Mr Vanreyel stopped short. He had been

In the unknown out of which we came. But above all, these eyes were fully conscious of Tom Vanrevel.

Without realizing what he did, Mr Vanreyel stopped short. He had been swinging a walking-stick, which, describing a brief arc, remained poised half-way in its descent. There was only that one glance between them; and the carriage disappeared, leaving a scent of spring flowers in the air. The young man was left standing on the wooden pavement in the midst of a great loneliness, yet enveloped in the afterglow, his soul roseate, his being quavering, his expression, like his cane, instantaneously arrested. With such promptitude and finish was he disposed of, that, had Miss Carewe been aware of his name and the condition wrought in him by the single stroke, she could have sought only the terse Richard of England for a like executive ability, "Off with his head! So much for Vanreve!"

She had lifted a stender hand to the

not speak to you has a right to have a daughter like the lady in the carriage; and, the moment of this realization occurring as he sat making a poor pretense to eat his evening mal at the "Rouen House," he dropped his fork rattling upon his plate and leaned back, staring at nothing, a proceeding of which his table-mate, Mr. William Cummings, the editor of the Rouen Journal, was too husy over his river pars to take note.

back, staring at nothins, a proceeding of which his table-mate, Mr. William Cummings, the editor of the Rouen Journal, was too busy over his river bass to take note.

"Have you heard what's new in town?" asked Cummings presently, looking up. "No," said Tom, truthfully, for he had seen what was new, but not heard it.

"Old Carewe's brought his daughter home. Fanchon Bareaud was with her at St. Mary's until last year; and Fanchon says she's not only a great beauty, but a great dear."

"Ah!" rejoined the other, with masterly indifference. "Dare say-dare say," "No wonder you're not interested." Said Cummings cheerfully, returning to the discussion of his bass. "The old villain will take preclous good care you don't come near her."

Mr. Vanrevel already possessed a profound conviction to the same effect. Robert Mellhac Carewe was known not only ag the wealthiest citizen of Rouen but also as its heartiest and most steadfast hater; and although there were only five or six thousand inhabitants, neither was a small distinction. For Rouen was ranked, in those easy days as a wealthy town, even as it was called an old town, proud of its age and its riches, and bitter in its politics, of course. The French had built a fort there, soon after La-Salle's last voyage, and, as Cralley Grey said, had settled the place, and had then been settled' themselves by the ploneer militia. After the Revolution Carolinians and Virginians had come, by way of Tenneesce and Kentucky, while the adventureus countrymen from Connecticut, traveling thither to sell, remained to buy—and then sell—when the country was in its toens. In the course of time the little trading post of the Northwest Territory had 210wn to be the leading center of elegance and culture in the Ohio Vulley—at least they said so in Rouen; only a few people in the ountry, such as Mr. Irving, of Tarrytown, for instance, questioning whether a center could lead.

The povotal figure, though perhaps not the heart, of the center, was unquestion, ably Mr. Carewe, and about him the neat

revolved, the old French remnant having liberally intermarried, forming the nucleus, together with descendants of the Cavallers (and those who said they vere) and the industrious Yankees, by virtue (if not by the virtues) of all whom, the town grew and prospered. Robert Carewe was Rouen's magnate. Commercially and socially, and until an upstart young lawyer named Vanreed! I struck into his power with a broad-axe, politically. The wharves were Carewe's, the warehouses that stood by the river and the line of packets which pilled upon it, were his; half the town was his, and in Rouen this meant that he was posses of the Middle Justice. the High and the Low. His motier was a Fronch; woman, and in those days, when to go abroad was a ponderous and ventures some undertaking, the fact that he had spont most of his youth in the French capital wrought a certain glamour about in the far horizon of every imagination, at golden city. Scarce a drawing-room in Rouen lacked its fearsome eigraving entitled "Grand Ball at the Tuilleries, nor was Godey's Magazine ever more popular than when it contained articles elaborate of similar scenes of festal light, where brilliant uniforms mindles with shining jewels, fair locks and the white shoulders of magnificently dresses and indeers of the visitor; also, there was something called "an air of foreign travel."

They talked a great deal about pollsh so the day and some examples still extint do not deny their justification, but in the case of Mr. Carewe, there existed a cittzen of Rouen, one already quoted, who had the temerity to declare still a cittzen of Rouen, one already quoted, who had the temerity to declare still a cittzen of Rouen, one already quoted, who had the temerity to declare the city of the control of the co

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ners of the visitor; also, there was something called "an air of foreign travel."

They talked a great deal about polish in those days, and some examples still extant do not deny their justification; but in the case of Mr. Carewe, there existed a citizen of Rouen, one already quoted, who had the temerity to declare the polish to be in truth quite nameless and indescribable, for the reason that one cannot paint a vacuum. However, subscription to this opinion should not be over hasty, since Mr. Crailey Grey had been notorlously a rival of Carewe's with every pretty woman in town, both having the same eye in such matters, and also because the slandered gentleman could assume a manner when ne chose to, whether or not he possessed it. At his own table he exhaled a hospitable graciousness, which, from a man of known evil temper, carried the winsomeness of surprise. When he wood, it was with an air of stately devotion, combined with that knowingness which sometimes offsets for a widower the tendency a girl has to giggle at him, and the combination had been, once or twice, too much for even the alluring Crailey.

Mr. Carewe lived in an old-fashioned house on the broad, quiet, shady street which bore his name. There was a wide lawn in front, shadowy under cim and locust trees, and bounded by thick shrubberles. A long garden, fair with roses and hollyhocks, lay outside the library windows—an old-time garden, with fine gravel paths and green arbors; drowed over in summer time by the bees, while overhead the locust rasped his rusty cadence the livelong day, and a far-away sounding love-note from the high branches brought to mind the line, like an old refrain:

"The voice of the turtle was heard in the land."

Between the garden and the carfiage gates there was a fountain, where a

"The voice of the turtie was heard in the land."

Between the garden and the carriage gates there was a fountain, where a bronze boy with the dropsy that not minding it) lived in a perpetual bath from a green goblet held over his head. Near by a stone sun dial gleamed against a clump of lilac bushes, and it was upon this spot that the white kitten introduced Thomas Vannevel to Miss Carewe.

Upon the morning after her arrival, having finished her plano-forte practice, touched her harp twice and arpeggloed the Spanish Fandango on her gultar, Miss Betty read two paragraphs of "Gilbert" (for she was profoundly determined to pursue her tusks with diligence), but the open windows, disclosing a world all sunshine and green leaves, she threw the

once." sae commanded him quiesty, in undertone.
"But now that you're here," said Miss Betty, wondering very much why he was not presented to her, "won't you waft and let me gather a nosegay for you? Our pansles and violets—"
"I could help," the gentleman suggested, with the look of a lame dog at Miss Bareaud. "I have been considered useful about a garden."
"Fool!" Betty did not hear the word that came from Miss Bareaud's closed teeth, though she was mightly surprised at the visible agitation of her schoolmate, for the latter's face was pale and excited. at the visible agitation of her schoolmate, for the latter's face was pale and excited, And Miss Carewe's amazement was complete when Fanchon, without more words, cavallerly selzed the gentleman's arm and moved toward the street with him as rapidly as his perceptible reluctance to leave permitted. But at the gate Miss Bareaud turned and called back over her choulder, as if remembering the necestly of offering an excuse for so remark-

hand!"

He made a bow, which just missed being too low, but did miss it.

"It is there-already," he said; and, lesing his courage after the bow, made his speech with so palpable a gasp before the last word that the dullest person in the world could have seen that he mean

It.

Miss Betty disappeared.

There was a rigidity of expression about the gentle mouth of Fanchon Bareaud which her companion did not enjoy as they went on their way, each preserving an uneasy silence, until at her own door she turned sharply upon him. "Tom Vancevel, I thought you were the steadlest-and now you've proved yourself the craciest-soul in Rouen!" she burst out. "And I couldn't say worse!"

"Why didn't you present me to her?" asked Vanrevel.

"Because I thought a man of your gallantry might prefer not to face a shotgun in the presence of ladies."

"Pooh!"

"Pooh!"

"Pooh!"

"Pooh!" a much as you like, but if he had seen us from the window—" She covered her face with her hands for a moment, then dropped them and smilled upon him. "I understand perceptly to what I owe the pleas-

dark, smooth, and his high white ten and formatin cravat and careful colar, were evidences of an elaboration of toilet, somewhat unusual in Rouen for the merring; also he was carrying a pair of white gloves in his hand and dankled a sender elony cane from his wire couple, when, the property only to be accounted for our the carewe gateway for some time previous to the sudden apparition, the gradent control of the theory that his eye had been fixed on the Carewe gateway for some time previous to the sudden apparition, the gradent property of the flow of the fugitive of the flow of the flow